MISSIONARY HYMNS;

A CHOICE SELECTION;

DESIGNED TO AID

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF MISSIONS.

BY REV. AMOS BINNEY.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING,
No. 32 Washington Street.
1840.

C.S
MINIATURE
BV
465
.M5
B5

Library
School
of
Theology

Wm. Dawson Bridge

MISSIONARY HYMNS;

A CHOICE SELECTION;

DESIGNED TO AID

THE GENERAL CAUSE OF MISSIONS

BY REV. AMOS BINNEY.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY D. S. KING,
No. 32 Washington Street.
1840.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by D. S. King, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
BOSTON TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SEVERAL collections of hymns already exist, which have an established and consecrated character; but they are deficient in regard to hymns appropriate for missionary occasions. This deficiency has long been felt and acknowledged. The spirit of Missions, so characteristic of the present day, has suggested the resolution to undertake a new selection. The compilation here presented is the result.

It is a source of unfeigned regret that many of these hymns can no longer be accompanied with the names of their authors. So far as the names are known to the compiler, they have been inserted.

Several pieces are inserted, which, though not strictly lyrical, may, nevertheless, be useful in suggesting thought, and quickening the zeal of the delinquent.

Wherever abridgments or alterations were deemed conducive to my design, I have not hesitated to make them; choosing rather to exclude poor verses, than to retain them for the sake of increasing their number, and to protract the singing to wearisomeness.

The hymns are classified under general titles; and, although the character of some of them is such that they might have been differently arranged, yet it is doubtful, while hymns possess so little unity, whether, in this respect, there could be much improvement.

Finally, the work of preparation has been its own reward; for, in doing it, the compiler has enjoyed much consolation, and realized a spiritual advancement in studying the glorious subject of the world's evangelization.

With the prayer that it may, in some measure, answer its design, the work is submitted to the friends of Missions.

INDEX.

PAGE.

All hail the great Immanuel's name!..... 45
Arise! arise! with joy survey,..... 22
Arise in all thy splendor, Lord, ... 52

Before Jehovah's awful throne,..... 38
Behold how the Lord has girt on his sword!..... 19
Behold, the heathen wait to know 65
Behold, the mountain of the Lord,..... 23
Blessed Jesus, reign forever!..... 59
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 32
Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!..... 73

Christian, dost thou in wealth excel?..... 66
Christians, while the vernal showers 66

Except the Lord conduct the plan,..... 51

Farewell, mother! Jesus calls me..... 70
Farewell, my brethren in the Lord!..... 75
Father of faithful Abram, hear..... 61
From Afric's burning, arid sands,..... 60
From all that dwell below the skies,..... 38
From Greenland's icy mountains,..... 9
From heaven's blissful regions,..... 76

PAGE.
From o'er the rocky mountains,..... 11
From Niger's dubious billow,..... 77

Go, bear the tidings round,..... 30
Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,..... 28
Go, ye messengers of God,..... 31
Go, ye heralds of salvation,..... 31
Great God of glory, show thy face,..... 55

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,..... 21
Happy soul, who sees the day,..... 43
Hark! a cry among the nations!..... 10
Hark! from the desert hear the strain,..... 47
Hark! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!..... 19
Hark! in the wilderness a cry,..... 28
Hark! the solemn trumpet, sounding,..... 35
Hark! what mean those lamentations, ... 34
How happy are our ears,..... 37

Indulgent God of love and power,..... 49
Indulgent Sovereign of the skies, ... 50

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,..... 45
Jesus the Conqueror reigns,..... 42
Jesus, thy blessings are not few, ... 48

Let all the earth their voices raise..... 47
Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light!..... 37
Light of them that sit in darkness, ... 56
Lord, I believe, were sinners more,..... 57
Lord of the harvest, hear..... 58
Lord, we come before thee now,..... 51

PAGE.
Men of God, go, take your stations,..... 29
Morn of Zion's glory,..... 16
Must my dear companion leave me..... 71

Now be my heart inspired to sing,..... 53

O, all ye nations, praise the Lord,..... 42
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,..... 14
O for a thousand tongues, to sing 40
O God of sovereign grace,..... 59
O, may the wandering sailors, Lord,..... 63
O 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving!..... 25
On the church, O Power divine,..... 57
On the mountain's top appearing, ... 24
O, unexampled love !..... 60

Prayer is appointed to convey,..... 49

Roll on, thou mighty ocean,..... 54

Salvation ! O, the joyful sound ! 39
See how great a flame aspires,..... 22
See how many, lately bowing..... 18
Shepherd of Israel, thou didst lead,..... 62
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye,..... 63
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,..... 41
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,..... 46
Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt..... 54
Songs anew of honor framing,..... 40
Soon may the last glad song arise,..... 53
Spirit of missions ! spark of genuine flame !..... 78

PAGE.
Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view..... 68
The Lord will not forget the grace..... 62
The morning light is breaking,..... 12
The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,..... 20
The time has gone by, when oppression and error,.... 25
The time shall come when every land shall own..... 26
Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,..... 52
To our Almighty Maker, God,..... 45

Up, at the Gospel's glorious sound !..... 33

Wake, isles of the south ! your redemption is near,.... 17
Wake the song of jubilee,..... 44
Watchman ! tell us of the night,..... 13
Welcome the hour of interceding prayer !..... 79
When, Lord, to this our western land,..... 64
While the heralds of salvation 66
Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,..... 56

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim..... 27
Ye messengers of Christ,..... 29
Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound,..... 42
Yes, my native land, I love thee,..... 68

Zion, now, arise, and shine !..... 34
Zion, awake ! thy strength renew !..... 35

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

HYMN 1. 7 & 6.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle?
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high, —
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain, —
Redeemer, King, Creator, —
Returns in bliss to reign.

BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 2. 8 & 7.

1 HARK! a cry among the nations! —
"Come and let us seek the Lord;
Vain our former expectations;
Vain the idols we adored.
Zion's King is God alone;
Let us bow before his throne."

2 See, from every quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round;
Love in every heart is glowing,
Praise is heard in every sound;
Jesus reigns — the earth is still —
All the nations ask his will.

HYMN 3. 7 & 6.

On the journey of the Flat-Head Indians, in 1832, *to inquire of the white men for God's Book.*

1 From o'er the Rocky Mountains,
Where prairies wide are spread, —
Where streams from forest fountains
Flow west to ocean's bed, —
See savage men descending
To Mississippi's vale,
Their eager eyes still bending
An eastern light to hail.

2 For they have heard a story
Of God's most holy Book,
All full of light and glory,
On which their eyes may look;
And they, like eastern sages,
Who journeyed from afar,
Have travelled weary stages,
To find the Savior's star.

3 "Have you that Book from Heaven?"
These western wise men say;
"To us shall it be given,
To guide us in our way?
We're wanderers, all our nation,
Deep lost in gloomy night:
O, let us know salvation!
O, give us heaven-born light!"

4 Yes, red men, here out-beaming,
God's Book shines strong and free,
And soon its radiance, gleaming,
Your children's eyes shall see;
Soon beauteous on your mountains
Shall Gospel heralds stand,
And soon shall Zion's fountains
Stream gladness through your land.

HYMN 4. 7 & 6.

1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar;
The nations are in motion,
To find Messiah's star.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to Heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The Gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

HYMN 5. 7s.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.—
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Traveller! yes; it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel!

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends. —
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends. —
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth? —
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn. —
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn. —
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home. —
Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God, is come!

BOWRING.

HYMN 6. 8, 7, & 4.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul — be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed Jubilee;
Blessed Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the dark, benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the Gospel,
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole!

3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day!

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel;
Win and conquer — never cease!
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around!

HELEN M. WILLIAMS.

HYMN 7.

1 Morn of Zion's glory,
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joys thy light is waking;
Morn of Zion's glory,
Ancient saints foretell thee,
Seraph angels glad behold thee;
See them glide, far and wide!
Stream of rich salvation,
Flow to every nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory,
Every human dwelling
With thy noise of joy is swelling;
Morn of Zion's glory,
Distant hills are ringing,
Echoed voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on, like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory,
Now the light is riven,
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory,

Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs now are sounding;
Peace with men dwells again,
Jesus reigns forever!
Jesus reigns forever!

HYMN 8.

1 WAKE, isles of the south! your redemption is near;
No longer repose in the borders of gloom;
The strength of his chosen in love will appear,
And lights shall arise on the verge of the tomb.

2 The billows that girt you, the wild waves that roar,
The zephyrs that play when the ocean storms cease,
Shall waft the glad sound to your desolate shore,
Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace.

3 The heathen will hasten to welcome the time,
The day-spring the prophet in vision once saw;

When the beams of Messiah will illumine
each clime,
And the isles of the ocean shall wait for his
law.

4 On the regions that sit in the darkness of
night,
The land of despair, to oblivion a prey,
The morning will open with healing and
light;
The glad star of Bethlehem will brighten
to-day.

Wm. B. Tappan.

HYMN 9. 8, 7, & 4.

1 See how many, lately bowing
To their idols, wood and stone,
Now, a blessed change avowing,
Bow before the Savior's throne,
And with gladness
Praise the Savior's name alone!

2 This is cause of joy and wonder;
God hath set the captives free;
He has burst their bands asunder;
Happy they, and glorious he;
God, our Savior!
Who can be compared to thee?

3 When thou workest, who shall stay thee?
Who shall stay the work begun?
Lord, go on, thy people pray thee,
Till the glorious day is won,
And the Gospel
Takes its circuit like the sun.

HYMN 10. 7 & 4.

1 Hark! how the Gospel trumpet sounds!
Through all the world the echo bounds;
Now Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners back to God;
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on!
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear
In endless day.

HYMN 11. 10 & 8.

1 Behold how the Lord has girt on his sword!
From conquest to conquest proceeds!
How happy are they who see this glad day,
And witness his wonderful deeds!

2 His word he sends forth, from the south to the north;
From east and from west it is heard;
The rebel is charmed, the foe is disarmed;
No day like our day has appeared.

3 To Jesus alone, who sits on the throne,
Salvation and glory belong;
All hail, blessed name, forever the same,
Our joy, and the theme of our song!

HYMN 12. 12, 11, & 8.

1 The Prince of salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends him along his bright way;
The news of his grace on the breezes is gliding,
And nations are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Savior;
Let thousands on thousands submit to thy reign,
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend, from each sanctified nation,
The vows of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation,
In rich and melodious lays.

HYMN 13. 11 & 10.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion triumphant begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews now the Savior behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountains the echoes are ringing;
Valleys in verdure unite in the song.

4 See, from the nations the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

HYMN 14. L. M.

1 Arise! arise! with joy survey
The glory of the latter day;
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
Glad tidings to the captive soul.

HYMN 15. 7s.

1 See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of him,
Him who spake a world from nought.

2 When he first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way;
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strong holds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land;
Lo, the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love!

WESLEY.

HYMN 16. C. M.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;

"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his courts, we'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

HYMN 17. 8, 7, & 4.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Yes, we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word, in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Savior, is preparing

Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

KELLY.

HYMN 18. 8, 7, & 4.

1 O! 'TIS pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

HYMN 19. 11 & 12.

1 THE time has gone by, when oppression and error,
Like the mist on the mountain, enveloped the world;

The time has gone by, when the demon of terror,
Leagued with wild superstition, his banner unfurled.

2 O Christians, rejoice! the idols are falling;
The darkness of midnight gives place to the dawn;
The voice of the heathen on Jesus is calling,
And joy hails triumphant the Gospel's bright morn.

3 O Jesus, ride on, and speed the glad hour,
When lands now in darkness shall own thy blest sway;
When the nations of earth shall acknowledge thy power;
When kings shall adore thee, and princes obey.

MRS. C. M. THAYER.

HYMN 20. 10s.

1 THE time shall come when every land shall own
The Lord of life, and bow before his throne;
His kingdom shall extend from pole to pole,
And Truth's blest light illuminate the whole.

2 Hail, glorious morn ! hail, long-expected day !
When Truth shall bear the universal sway;
From north to south her empire wide extend,
And east and west in Christian union blend.

MRS. C. M. THAYER.

TO MISSIONARIES.

HYMN 21. L. M.

1 YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire;
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage heart to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus LORD OF ALL.

HYMN 22. L. M.

1 "Go, preach my Gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
He shall be damned who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,—
I can destroy, and I defend."

WATTS.

HYMN 23. L. M.

1 HARK! in the wilderness, a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, "Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there."

2 "Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
'Glad tidings unto all we show;
Repent—believe—thy God is nigh.'"

HYMN 24. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Men of God, go, take your stations;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go — proclaim, among the nations,
Joyful news of heavenly birth:
Bear the tidings,
Tidings of the Savior's worth.

2 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend·
He is with you —
He will guide you to the end.

Kelly.

HYMN 25. S. M.

1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage, go.

3 Go, spread the Savior's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.

4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and will prevail
In spite of all his foes.

HYMN 26. 6 & 8.

1 Go, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

2 Go, strike the harps again
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string;
'Tis God, the Savior's praise, we sing.

HYMN 27. 7s.

1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.

2 Visit every heathen soil,
Every barren, burning strand;
Bid each dreary region smile,
Lovely as the promised land.

3 Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all;
Jesus' love is full and free.

HYMN 28. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Go, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim "redeeming blood;"
Publish to that barbarous nation
Peace and pardon from our God.
Tell the heathen
None but Christ can do them good.

2 Distant though our souls are blending,
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our prayers, to Heaven ascending,
Brethren, we'll remember you.
Heaven preserve you
Safely all your journey through.

3 When your mission here is finished,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenished,
Find acceptance through the Son;
Thence admitted,
Dwell forever near his throne.

HYMN 29. 6 & 8.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 30. L. M.

1 UP, at the Gospel's glorious sound!
Country and kindred, what are they?
Rend from thy heart these charmers, *all;*
Christ needs thy service; hence, away!

2 Though strong the parting tear may rise,
Though high should roll the boisterous wave,
Go, find thy home 'neath foreign skies,
And rest thee in a stranger's grave.

3 The Hindoo, in his sultry glade,
The infant, at the Burman's knee,
Or Afric, 'neath her palmy shade,
Shall bless the Eternal Sire for thee.

4 And what has Earth compared to this?
Knows she of wealth, or joy like thine?
The ransomed heathen's heavenly bliss?
The plaudit of the Judge Divine?

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

TO THE CHURCH.

HYMN 31. 8 & 7.

1 Hark! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come and help us, or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians, hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, e'er they die.

Cawood.

HYMN 32. 7s.

1 Zion, now, arise, and shine!
Lo, thy light from Heaven is come!
Those that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

2 "Give us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers; how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

3 O, how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night;
Zion is, like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

4 Lo, thy sun goes down no more!
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

HYMN 33. L. M.

1 Zion, awake! thy strength renew!
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise, and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Soon shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are;
Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire, and love thee too.

HYMN 34. 8 & 7.

1 Hark! the solemn trumpet, sounding
Loud, proclaims the Jubilee!

'Tis the voice of grace abounding —
Grace to sinners, rich and free;
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.

2 Is the name of Jesus precious
Does his love your spirits cheer?
Do you find him kind and gracious?
Still removing doubt and fear?
Think that what he is to you,
Such he'll be to others too.

3 Were you once at awful distance,
Wandering from the fold of God?
Could no arm afford assistance,
Nothing save, but Jesus' blood?
Think, how many still are found
Strangers to the joyful sound!

4 Brethren, join in supplication;
Join, to plead before the Lord;
Tis his arm that brings salvation;
He alone can give the word:
Father, let thy kingdom come,
Bring thy wandering outcasts home.

HYMN 35. L. M.

1 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light!
Behold the fields, already white;
The glorious harvest now is come;
See ransomed sinners flocking home.

2 Moved by the Spirit's softest wind,
Their hearts are all as one inclined;
Their former sins and follies mourn;
They bow, and to their God return.

3 Improve the harvest, fleeing fast,
Ere yet the shining season's past;
When all the work of life shall end,
The last, the long, dark night descend.

HYMN 36. S. M.

1 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

2 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

3 Then let us take the way,
Our faith in Christ to prove;
And force the heathen world to say,
"See, *how* these Christians love!"

WATTS.

PRAISE FOR SUCCESS.

HYMN 37. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And Earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

WATTS.

HYMN 38. L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;

Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.
In every land begin the song,
To every land the strains prolong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

WATTS.

HYMN 39. C. M.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

WATTS.

HYMN 40. C. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

WESLEY.

HYMN 41. 8, 7, & 4.

1 SONGS anew of honor framing,
Sing ye to the Lord alone;
All his wondrous works proclaiming;
Jesus wondrous works hath done:
Glorious victory! glorious victory!
His right hand and arm hath won.

2 Now he bids his great salvation
Through the heathen lands be told;
Tidings spread through every nation,
And his acts of grace unfold:
All the heathen, all the heathen
Shall his righteousness behold.

HYMN 42. 11 & 12.

1 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Zion, the marvellous story be telling!
The Son of the Highest, how lovely his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns o'er the earth.
Messiah is King! Messiah is King!

2 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
Tell how he cometh from nation to nation;
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation;
With joy everlasting his people are crowned.
Messiah is King! Messiah is King!

HYMN 43. C. M.

1 O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
Forever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

WATTS.

HYMN 44. S. M.

1 JESUS the Conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength arrayed;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

HYMN 45. 10 & 11.

1 YE mountains and vales, in praises abound;
Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound;

Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
For Jesus is bringing the heathen to God.

2 Atonement he made for every one;
The debt he hath paid; the work he hath done;
Shout, all the creation, below and above,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

3 His mercy hath brought salvation to all;
Who take it unbought, he frees them from thrall;
Throughout the creation his glory displays,
And perfects forever the work of his grace.

HYMN 46. 7s.

1 Happy soul, who sees the day,
The glad day of Gospel grace!
"Thee, my Lord," thou then wilt say;
"Thee will I forever praise."
Each to each ye then shall say,
"Let us call upon his name!
O, rejoice to see his day!
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

2 Glory to his name belongs,
Great, and marvellous, and high;
Sing unto the Lord your songs;
Cry to every nation, cry;
Wondrous things the Lord hath done;
Excellent his name we find;
This to all mankind is known;
Be it known to all mankind.

HYMN 47. 7s.

1 WAKE the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ, of lords and kings, is King!
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore!

3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings!

HYMN 48. C. M.

1 All hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Duncan.

HYMN 49. C. M.

1 To our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

2 Let all the earth his love proclaim,
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honor of his name
In melody and songs.

Watts.

HYMN 50. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

WATTS.

HYMN 51. C. M.

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea;
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

3 Behold, he comes! he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

WATTS.

HYMN 52. L. M.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise
To sing a psalm of lofty praise;
To sing and bless Jehovah's name.
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 O haste the day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name.
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

WATTS.

HYMN 53. L. M.

1 HARK! from the desert hear the strain
Of joy and praise ascending high;
The song of Zion cheers the plain,
The pagan breathes the contrite's sigh.

2 The islands of the sea rejoice,
And sing the great Immanuel's praise;
With joyful heart, and rapturous voice,
They shout aloud his welcome grace.

3 Then let *us* shout hosannas, too,
To God the Father, God the Son;
Then let *us* to the nations show
The mighty wonders he has done.

4 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high;
Salvation to the heathen flows;
Let anthems roll along the sky,
The desert blossom like the rose.

HYMN 54. C. M.

1 Jesus, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy Gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

PRAYER.

HYMN 55. L. M.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blesings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame:
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak —
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

3 Depend on him, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Wesley.

HYMN 56. L. M.

1 Indulgent God of love and power,
Be with us at this solemn hour;
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,
By which we seek to spread thy love.

2 Our prayers assist — accept our praise —
Our hopes revive — our courage raise —
Our councils aid — and, O, impart
The single eye, the faithful heart!

3 Let each discordant thought be gone,
And love unite our hearts alone;
Let all we *have* and *are* combine
To forward objects so divine.

HYMN 57. L. M.

1 Indulgent Sovereign of the skies,
Be pleased to bow thy gracious ear;
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?
Till thy own power shall stand confessed,
And make Jerusalem a praise?

3 For this, a lowly, suppliant crowd
Here, in thy sacred temple, wait;
For this we lift our voices loud,
And call and knock at mercy's gate.

Doddridge.

HYMN 58. 8 & 6.

1 Except the Lord conduct the plan,
Our best concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed;
We spend our wretched strength for nought;
But if our works in thee are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O, let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name.

HYMN 59. 7s.

1 Lord, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Hammond.

HYMN 60. L. M.

1 Thy people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.

2 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea,
Thy vast dominions shall extend?
That every tongue shall call thee, Lord,
And every knee before thee bend?

3 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favor Zion, come;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

HYMN 61. L. M.

1 Arise in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Diffuse thy light and truth abroad,
And be thou known, Almighty God;
Make bare thine arm, thy power display,
While truth and grace thy sceptre sway.

3 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

SLINN.

HYMN 62. L. M.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 O let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

HYMN 63. L. M.

1 Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Savior King;
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 Let endless honors crown thy head;
Let every age thy praises spread;
Let all the nations know thy word,
And every tongue confess thee, Lord.

WATTS.

HYMN 64. 7 & 6.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every land below.
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to the destined shore,
That man may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O thou Eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm;
Thy presence e'er be with them,
Wherever they may be;
Though far from us who love them,
Still let them be with thee.

HYMN 65. C. M.

1 SMILE, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the Gospel's rays;

And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy grace.

2 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Till thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

HYMN 66. L. M.

1 Great God of glory, show thy face,
And crown our efforts with thy grace;
In heathen lands thy Gospel bless,
And here secure its large increase.

2 Millions behold, on heathen ground,
Who never heard the Gospel sound;
O, send it forth, and let it run,
Swift and reviving as the sun.

3 Remember those who stand to tell
The way that leads from death and hell;
Guide thou their lips, their hearts unite;
Teach them to act as in thy sight.

4 To those who give, do thou impart
A generous, wise, and tender heart;
Lord, crown their zeal, reward their care,
That in thy grace they all may share.

HYMN 67. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Savior's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days:
Come and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise:
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,
Must be vain without thine aid;
But thou wilt not disappoint us —
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

HYMN 68. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine — thy blessings bring:

Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise, with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

2 Thou to whom all power is given,
Speak the word: at thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread thy name from land to land;
Lord, be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

HYMN 69. L. M.

1 LORD, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean's shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

2 Almighty God, this grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior, *Lord of all.*

WESLEY.

HYMN 70. 7s.

1 ON the church, O Power divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;

Till the nations, from afar,
Hail her as their guiding star.

2 Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

HYMN 71. S. M.

1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view:
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great;
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into the world abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O, may they spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love!

HYMN 72. S. M.

1 O God of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne;
And plead, for all the human race,
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise!

HYMN 73. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Blessed Jesus, reign forever!
Seated high on victory's car;
Bend the nations to thy sceptre,
Wave thine ensigns from afar.
Hallelujah!
Thou art Christ, the morning star.

2 Now we hail the happy dawning
Of the Gospel's glorious light,
May it take the wings of morning,
And dispel the shades of night;
Blessed Savior!
Let our eyes behold the sight.

3 O, let all the world adore thee;
Universal be thy fame;
Kings and subjects fall before thee,
And extol thy matchless name;
All ascribing
Endless praises to the Lamb.

HYMN 74. 6 & 8.

1 O, UNEXAMPLED love!
O, all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What Thou for all mankind hast done?

2 O, for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call;
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all.
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Savior died.

WESLEY.

HYMN 75. L. M.

1 FROM Afric's burning, arid sands,
And Asia's mild, resplendent sky,

Let converts, from the heathen lands,
As doves unto their windows, fly.

2 With Europe may they join to bless
The Savior's name, his praise prolong;
And islands of the southern seas
Join with America the song.

HYMN 76. L. M.

The Jews.

1 Father of faithful Abram, hear
Our earnest suit for Abram's seed;
Justly they claim the softest prayer,
From those adopted in their stead; —

2 Outcasts from thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Rejecting whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast thou finally forsook,
Forever cast thine own away?
No: thou wilt bid them turn and look
On Him they pierced, and mourn and pray.

4 Come, then, thou great Deliverer, come,
The veil from Jacob's heart remove;
Receive thy ancient people home,
That they may sing redeeming love.

HYMN 77. C. M.

The Jews.

1 Shepherd of Israel, thou didst lead
Thy flock the desert through,
And from between the cherubim,
Thy beaming mercy show.

2 But now for ages they have been
Far banished from thy sight,
Wandering through all the earth, as those
In whom is no delight.

3 Yet is thy word of promise sure,
That they shall be restored;
And with the Gentile church unite
To love and serve the Lord.

4 Our faith in expectation waits
With ever-longing eyes;
O, bid the shadows flee away,—
That glorious morning rise.

HYMN 78. L. M.

The Jews.

1 The Lord will not forget the grace
Reserved for faithful Abram's race;
His love their wanderings shall restore,
And guide them, that they stray no more.

2 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart;
While Israel's rescued tribes in thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

HYMN 79. L. M.

The Sailors.

1 O, MAY the wandering sailors, Lord,
Look from their ocean-home to thee;
And humbly bow to Him, whose word
Can calm the tumults of the sea.

2 Then, when to other lands they bear
The glorious Gospel of thy Son,
They'll be a living witness there
To truths their happy souls have known.

3 And O, when life's rough storms are o'er,
And dangers past, may they and we
Land on the bright and peaceful shore
Of ever-blest eternity.

HYMN 80. L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of *our Israel* see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly-found in thee.

2 Wild as the untaught Indian's brood,
The *Christian* savages remain;
Strangers, yea, enemies to God,
They make thee spill thy blood in vain.

3 Extend to these thy pardoning grace;
To these be thy salvation showed;
O, add them to thy chosen race—
O, sprinkle all their hearts with blood.

HYMN 81. 8 & 6.

The Indians.

1 When, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came;
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose:
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O, may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet,

Within our spreading land!
There, brethren from our common home,
Shall westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Savior, we own this debt of love;
O, shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert West.

COLLECTIONS.

HYMN 82. L. M.

1 Behold, the heathen wait to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

HYMN 83. 8 & 7.

1 While the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his name.

2 May his kingdom be promoted,
May the world their Savior know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

HYMN 84. C. M.

Christian, dost thou in wealth excel?
Wouldst thou enlarge thy store?
Use what thou hast with liberal zeal,
And God will give thee more.

HYMN 85. 8 & 7.

1 Christians, while the vernal showers
Bring you fruits and golden grain,
While at ease in pleasant bowers
You your heavenly knowledge gain,—
Think, while you enjoy such pleasure,
Millions still in darkness live,
Who through time must know no Savior
Till the word of life you give!

2 Then let each, as God hath given,
Of his goods and wealth bestow,
That the poor benighted heathen
May the Christian's Savior know;
That the large, the free provision,
Which for all mankind is made,
Through the Savior's great commission
To the world may be displayed!

3 Join each Christian heart together,
In a work so heavenly, join;
To the lost — our heathen brother --
Bring the light of truth divine:
Ye who largest stores possessing,
Ye who daily toil to live,
Help the work! receive the blessing!
Of your largest bounty give!

4 Shall a work so full of glory
Die for help to feed the flame?
No! our sons shall tell no story
So degrading of our name.
We will bring our gifts together,
We will oft our Savior pray,
That, full soon, the Gospel ever
O'er the world may shed its ray.

HYMN 86. L. M.

1 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

2 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

3 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Savior trod —
The path to glory and to God.

VALEDICTORIES, &c.

HYMN 87. 8, 7, & 4.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,

Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell:
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee:
Can I, can I say, *Farewell?*
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath bell,—
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,—
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes!—I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell

How he died — the blessed Savior —
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad, I bid thee,
Native land, *Farewell! farewell!*

S. F. Smith.

HYMN 88. 8 & 7.

1 Farewell, mother! Jesus calls me
Far away from home and thee;
Earthly love no more enthralls me,
When a bleeding cross I see.
Farewell, mother! Do not pain me
By thine agonizing woe:
Those fond arms cannot detain me:
Dearest mother, I must go.

2 Farewell, father! O, how tender
Are the cords that bind me here!
Jesus! help me to surrender
All I love, without a tear.

No, my Savior! Wert thou tearless,
Leaning o'er the buried dead?
At this hour, so sad and cheerless,
Shall not burning tears be shed?

3 Farewell, sister! Do not press me
To thy young and throbbing heart:
O, no longer now distress me!
Sister, sister, we must part.
Farewell, pale and silent brother!
How I grieve to pain thee so!
Father — mother — sister — brother —
Jesus calls — O, let me go!

MISS A. PALMER.

HYMN 89. 8, 7, & 4.

Lines written by Mrs. A. M. LEE, *and presented to her husband, Rev. Jason Lee, of the Oregon Mission, a short time before he left that country, on a visit to the United States, for the purpose of obtaining "fellow-laborers." — Mrs. L. died in childbed, a few months after her husband's departure.*

1 MUST my dear companion leave me
Sad and lonely here to dwell?
If 'tis duty thus that calls thee,
Shall I keep thee? No! Farewell!
Though my heart aches,
Christ assures me, "All is well."

2 Go, thou loved one; God go with thee,
To protect and save from harm:
Though thou dost remove far from me,
Thou art safe beneath that arm:
Go in peace, then;
Let thy soul feel no alarm.

3 Go; thy Savior will go with thee,
All thy footsteps to attend;
Though thou mayst feel anxious for me,
Thine and mine he will defend:
Fear not, husband;
God, thy Father, is thy friend.

4 Rocks and mountains may divide us;
Streams of water, too, will flow;
Time to me will seem most tedious,
And the hours will move too slow:
Thus divided,
O, what cares my heart will know!

5 Go, and seek for fellow-laborers:
Tell them that the field is white:
God will show them many favors
While they teach the sons of night:
Bid them hasten
Here to bring the Gospel light

6 Though thy journey may seem dreary,
While removed from her you love;
Though you often may feel weary,
Look for comfort from above:
God will bless thee,
And thy journey prosperous prove.

7 Farewell, husband! While you leave me,
Tears of sorrow oft will flow;
Day and night will I pray for thee,
While through dangers you may go:
O, remember
Her who loves you much! Adieu!

HYMN 90. 6 & 8s.

1 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
One sigh, one prayer, and all is o'er:
My native land, the cord must thrill,
And break, that binds me to thy shore:
The zephyrs o'er thee softly play,
But waft the wanderer far away.

2 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
A star is gleaming o'er the wave,
Far, far beyond the billows' swell:
It comes not like the meteor's blaze —

The star of hope: its heavenly ray
Shall gild the wanderer's lonely way.

3 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
The ocean may my bosom lave,
The billows o'er me proudly swell,
The dark sea be the exile's grave;
But when the surges cease to roar,
Brother, we'll meet to part no more.

4 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
I go to wipe that falling tear,
To soothe that troubled breast, and tell
A Savior hears the negro's prayer;
And flowers shall blush on desert strands,
And springs shall flow through burning sands.

5 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
The sacred banner's waving now,
And every heart with praise shall swell,
And smiles shall deck the dark one's brow;
The star that beamed on Bethlehem's plain,
Shall shine on Afric's shore again.

6 Brother, I go: farewell! farewell!
A voice is ringing wildly now
From every hill, from every glen,
And echoing from each mountain brow;

The dark hand stretching o'er the sea,
The big tear rolling fast and free.

* * * * * *

7 The wanderer's gone: farewell! farewell!
Thy God shall guide thee, exiled one;
A cloud of glory o'er thee spread,
And shield thee till thy work is done:
A wreath Liberia's twining now,
And God shall bind it on thy brow.

HYMN 91. 6 & 8s.

1 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord!
The Gospel sounds the jubilee;
And I must sound it all abroad,
From land to land, from sea to sea:
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

2 Farewell, my earthly friends below!
Although so kind and dear to me;
My Jesus calls, and I must go
To sound the Gospel jubilee;
To sound the joy, and bear the news,
To Gentile men and royal Jews.

HYMN 92. 7 & 6.

1 From heaven's blissful regions,
Where seraphs dwell in light,
Where many shining legions
Of spirits clad in white,
The Prince of Life descended,
To save a fallen race,
Who had their Lord offended,
And forfeited his grace.

2 We'll hail him as our Savior,
And fall upon his arms;
We'll thank him for the favor,
And dwell upon his charms:
We'll raise our joyful voices,
His sovereign grace to sing;
While many a heart rejoices
To welcome him their King.

3 "Go into every nation,"
We hear him loud proclaim;
"Publish to them salvation;
Go, preach it in my name."
We'll tell the pleasing story
Which saints rehearse above,
Who reign with him in glory,
And dwell upon his love.

4 While we our anthems tender
Unto the Prince of Peace,
He shall, with royal splendor,
The heathen's light increase;
Till, beauteous, on their mountains,
The trumpeters shall stand,
And Zion's blissful fountains
Stream gladness through the land.

HYMN 93. 7 & 6.

The Grave of Cox.

1 From Niger's dubious billow,
From Gambia's silver wave;
Where rests, on death's cold pillow,
The tenant of the grave;
We hear a voice of weeping,
Like low-toned lutes at night,
In plaintive echoes sweeping
Up Mesurado's height.

2 The palm-tree o'er him waving,
The grass above his head,
The stream his clay-couch laving, —
All, all proclaim him dead:
Dead! but alive in glory,
A conqueror at rest;

Embalmed in sacred story,
And crowned among the blest.

3 A martyr's grave encloses
His wearied frame at last,
Perfumed with heaven's sweet roses,
On his dear bosom cast;
And Afric's sons, deploring
Their champion laid low,
Like many waters roaring,
Unbosom all their woe.

4 The Moon's lone chain of mountains,
The plain where Carthage stood,
Jugurtha's ancient fountains,
And Teembo's palmy wood,
Are wild with notes of sorrow,
Above their sainted friend,
To whom there comes no morrow,
But glory without end.

J. N. MAFFIT.

94.

Spirit of Missions.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONS! spark of genuine flame!
In God or man developed, still the same;

The same, where'er Messiah's followers go, —
Lights of the world, — to scatter light below.

* * * * * * *

Spirit of Missions! art thou not still found
Within this presence, awfully around?
Spirit of Missions! hast thou not a throne
In some hearts here, accepted as thine own, —
That burn to herald the Redeemer's name,
In far off lands; content with pain and shame,
Sickness and sorrow, — death itself, — if they
Might win some souls where wretched millions stray?

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

95.

The Concert.

WELCOME the hour of interceding prayer!
Welcome the place of precious concert! where,
With one accord, the Christian suppliants meet,
And lay the heathen world at Jesus' feet.
The flame, lit up on the far Sandwich shore,
Catches from land to land, and passes o'er
Ocean and continent, till, like a robe
Of glory, prayer encompasses the globe.
Yet deem not prayer or gold will ever win
Earth from the grasp of unrelenting sin.

Not these alone; — there must be quenchless
zeal,
And love untiring, — which like love can feel,
And toil, as Love did, gladly, wholly, so
That heaven, all love, may dwell with men be-
low.

* * * * * * *

The mighty toil is but commenced, and think
How little is accomplished! — on the brink
Of ruin, yet how many millions stand!
How few, alas! of that immortal band
Will reach immortal life! — Who of us, then,
Delays exertion for these fellow-men?
O, while we linger, lingers not Death's power;
And hell has won his thousands in this hour!

William B. Tappan.

THE END.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY
1 1719 01625 1649